

MARIA BOTCHKAREVA TAKEN BEFORE LENINE AND TROTSKY

Girl Soldier Refuses Request of Bolshevik Leaders That She Join Them and She Tells Them That They Are Ruining the Country

THIS STARTS THE STORY
In the summer of 1917 Maria Botchkareva formed the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army, and thus a peasant girl stepped into the international hall of fame. This is her story. In earlier installments she told of her childhood, of the brutality of her married life and the resolution of her will to become a soldier. She told of battles fought and won and of the demoralization of the army following the overthrow of the czar. It was to shame the men into action that the battalion was formed, but it was only partially successful; and by and by the Bolsheviks infected the soldiers, forced the members to disband and Botchkareva returns to Petrograd.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
PETROGRAD seemed populated by Red Guards. One could not make a step without encountering one. They kept a strict watch over the station and all the incoming and outgoing trains. My escorts left me on the station platform, as they were to return to the front immediately.

I had hardly emerged from the station, intending to look for a cabman, when a Red Guard commissary, accompanied by a private with a naked saber, stopped me with the polite query:

"Madame Botchkareva?"
"Yes."
"Will you come with me, please?" he suggested.

"Where?" I asked.
"To the Smolny Institute."
"But why?"
"Because I have orders to detain all officers returning from the front," he replied.

"But I am only going home!" I tried to argue.
"Yes, I understand. But as an officer you will also understand that I must obey orders. They will probably release you."

He halted a cabman and we drove to the Smolny Institute, the seat of the Bolshevik Government. It impressed me as a heavily beleaguered castle. There were armed sentries everywhere. Accompanied by a Red Guard, I was led inside. There were guards at every desk. I was taken before a sailor. He was very rough and brusque.

"Where are you going?" he demanded curtly.
"I am going home, to a village near Tomsk," I replied.

"Then why are you armed?" he sneered.
"Because I am an officer, and this is my uniform," I answered.

He blazed up.
"An officer, eh? You will be an officer no more. Give me that pistol and saber!" he ordered.

The arms were those given to me at the consecration of the Battalion's flag. I prized them too much to hand them over like that to this rogue of a sailor, and refused his demand. He grew furious. It would have been futile to resist as the room was full of Red Guards. I declared that if he wanted my arms he could take them, but I would never surrender them myself.

He violently tore the pistol and saber from me and pronounced me under arrest. There was a dark cellar in the Institute which was used as a place of detention, and I was sent down there and locked up. I was hungry but received no answer to all my calls and remained in the hole till the following morning. As soon as I was brought upstairs I began to demand my arms. The various chiefs, however, remained deaf to my pleas.

I was informed that I would be taken before Lenine and Trotsky, and was soon led into a large, light room where two men of contrasting appearance sat, apparently expecting my entrance. One had a typical Russian face. The other looked Jewish. The first was Nikolai Lenine, the second Leon Trotsky. Both arose as I stepped in and walked toward me a few steps, stretching out their hands and greeting me courteously.

Lenine apologized for my arrest, explaining that he had learned of it only that morning. Inviting me to a seat, the two Bolshevik chiefs complimented me upon my record of service and courage, and began to sketch to me the era of happiness that they sought to bring upon Russia. They talked simply, smoothly and very beautifully. It was for the common people, the plowing masses, the under dog that they were fighting. They wanted justice for all. Wasn't I of the laboring class myself? Yes, I was. Wouldn't I join them and cooperate with their party in bringing happiness to the oppressed peasant and workman? They wanted peasant women like myself; they appreciated such deeply.

"You will bring Russia not to happiness, but to ruin," I said.
"Why?" they asked. "We seek only what is good and right. The people are with us. You saw for yourself that the army is behind us."
"I will tell you why," I replied. "I have no objection to your beautiful plans for the future of Russia. But as for the immediate situation, if you take the soldiers away from the front you are destroying the country." I argued.

"But we want no war. We are going to conclude peace," the two leaders replied.
"How can you conclude peace without soldiers at the front? You are demobilizing the army already. You have not to make peace first and then let the men go home. I myself want peace, but if I were in the trenches I would never leave, before peace had



NIKOLAI LENINE

Given a Passport to Her Home in Tomsk, She Is Attacked by Brutal Soldiers and Thrown Bodily From the Train, Receiving Serious Injuries

am a soldier and I know. But you don't. Why did you take it upon yourself to rule the country? You will ruin it!" I exclaimed in anguish.
Lenine and Trotsky laughed. I could see the irony in their eyes. They were leered and worldly. They had written books and traveled in foreign lands. And who was I? An illiterate Russian peasant woman. My lecture amused them undoubtedly. They smiled condescendingly at my suggestion that they did not know what war was in reality.

I rejected their proposal to cooperate with them and asked if I were free to leave. One of them rang a bell and a Red Guard entered. He was requested to accompany me out of the room and to provide me with a passport and a free ticket to Tomsk. Before leaving I asked for my arms, but was refused. I explained that they were partly of gold and given to me on an occasion that rendered them almost priceless to me. They answered that I would receive them back as soon as order was restored. Of course, I never got them back.

I left the room without bidding good-by. In the next room I was given a passport and proceeded by tram to the station. I decided not to tarry in Petrograd and to depart without even seeing any of my friends. On the way I was recognized everywhere, but was allowed to proceed unmolested. The same evening I boarded one of the three cars attached to a train that went by the way of Volodga and Tcheliabinsk directly to Irkutsk. I was going home. With me I had some two

thousand rubles, saved during my command of the battalion, when I received a salary of four hundred rubles a month.
The train was overcrowded with returning soldiers, almost all fervid Bolsheviks. I remained in the compartment for eight days, leaving it only occasionally at night. I sent a passenger companion out at stations to buy food. As we neared Tcheliabinsk, at the end of eight days, the crowd had thinned out and I thought I would be safe in going out on the platform and getting off at the great terminal for a little walk. No sooner had I reached the platform than I was recognized by some soldiers.

"Ah, look who is here!" one exclaimed.
"It's Botchkareva! The harlot!" a couple of others echoed.
"She ought to be killed!" shouted somebody.

"Why?" I turned on them. "What harm have I done to you? Ah, you fools, fools!"
The train slowed down approaching the station. I had scarcely turned my head away from the insolent fellows when I was suddenly lifted by two pairs of arms swung back and forth, once, twice, three times, and thrown off the moving train.

Fortunately the momentum of the swinging was so great that I was thrown across the parallel tracks and landed in a bank of snow piled along the railroad. It was the end of November, 1917. It was all so sudden that the laughter of the brutes back of me still rang in my ears as I became conscious of pain in my right knee.
The train was halted before pulling into the station. In a few moments there was a big crowd around me, of passengers, railway officials and others. All were indignant at the outburst of the soldiers. The commandant of the station and members of the local committee hurried to the place. I was placed on a stretcher and taken to the hospital on the grounds. It was found that I had a dislocated knee and my leg was lacerated. It then declared that I desired to continue the journey and I was given a berth in a hospital coach, attached to a train going east. There were attendants and a medical assistant on the car.

My injured leg pained more and more as I proceeded homeward. It began to swell and the medical assistant telegraphed to the stationmaster of Tutalsk, the village in which my folks now lived, to provide a stretcher for me.
My sister, Arina, was employed at the station as attendant at the tea-kettle, which is always kept boiling at Russian railway stations. It was this employment of hers that had caused the family to move to Tutalsk from Tomsk, where they had no means of livelihood whatever. When the message from the interne in charge of the car reached my sister and through her my parents, there was an outburst of lamentation. It was three years since they had seen their Marusia and now she was apparently being brought to them on her death-bed!

On the fourth day of the journey from Tcheliabinsk the train stopped at Tutalsk. My leg was badly swollen and was as heavy as a log. The pains were agonizing. My face was pallid. A stretcher was prepared for me at the station. My sisters, my mother and father and the stationmaster were at the door of the coach when I was carried out. My mother shrieked heartrendingly. "My Marusia! My Marusia!" clasped her hands, frowning on me, mourning over me as if I were ready for burial.

Her prodigal daughter had returned, my mother wailed, but in what condition! She thought that I must have been wounded and asked to be sent home to die. I could not talk. I could not grasp her bony arms, as a gust of tears and sobs choked my throat. Everybody was crying, my sisters calling me by caressing names, my white and bent father standing over me, and even the strange stationmaster.

I became hysterical and the doctor was sent for. He had me removed home immediately, promising in response to my mother's pleas to do everything in his power for me. I remained ill for a month, passing Christmas and meeting the New Year, 1918, in bed.
The 2000 rubles I had saved I gave to my parents. But this sum, considered a fortune before the war, was barely sufficient for a few months' living. It cost nearly 100 rubles to buy a pair of slippers for my youngest sister, Nadia, who went barefoot! It cost almost twice as much to buy her a second-hand jacket at the Tomsk tokutehka. Manufactured goods sold at a premium when they were to be had, but it was much more difficult

to find what one needed than to pay an exorbitant price for it. There was plenty of flour in the country. But the peasants would not sell it cheaply because they could get nothing in town for less than fifty or a hundred times its former price. The result was that flour sold at two rubles a pound. One can see how far 2000 rubles could carry one in Russia.
*Market of second-hand articles.
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

ATLANTIC CITY WANTS COMMERCIAL SHIP LINE

Port Aspirations Rest on Service to Philadelphia and New York

Atlantic City, March 31.—Atlantic City needs a steamship line with boats running to Philadelphia and New York. It must get it, and get it quickly, or abandon all hope of becoming a port for many years to come.
That is the warning former Senator Edward A. Wilson, chairman of the harbor and waterways committee of the Chamber of Commerce, is dishing into the ears of resort officials, business men and hotel owners.

After years of agitation and innumerable discouragements, boosters succeeded in their campaign to have United States engineers dredge a channel twelve feet deep and 300 feet wide, at a cost of \$400,000. Atlantic City thus achieved the aim of a quarter of a century of effort. It has a deep-water channel—but no commerce to use it. Ex-Senator Wilson says this is because the city has not kept its implied contract with the government to create a ship basin and wharfage. A site for both has been purchased.

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chased at a cost of \$40,000, but that is as far as it has gone.
"This is to be a crucial year for Atlantic City's port aspirations," Chairman Wilson said today. "Either the city must commercialize the channel the government has provided with a steamer line and other commerce, or it must abandon hope of future government aid. A freight line to Philadelphia and a freight and passenger line to New York would solve our problem, providing that the city supplies wharfage."

Wife Slayer Suspect Surrenders

Detroit, Mich., March 31.—(By A. P.)—Patrick J. Heaney, of Dallas, Tex., abandoned here in connection with the death of his wife late last night, walked into Detroit police headquarters and surrendered. He will be arraigned today on a charge of murder.

TURNER BISHOP OF BUFFALO

Cardinal Gibbons Performs the Consecration at Washington

Washington, March 31.—(By A. P.)—The Rev. Dr. William Turner, formerly professor of philosophy at the Catholic University, was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo at the Franciscan Monastery yesterday. The consecration was performed by Cardinal Gibbons. The Right Rev. Nelson H. Baker, administrator of the diocese of Buffalo, assisted in the consecration, and fifty priests from the Buffalo diocese were among the several hundred clergymen present.
Bishop Thomas Snaran, of the Catholic University, who preached the consecration sermon, spoke of the great responsibility of the Church at this time and society's need of a vital interpretation of Christianity.

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With Regard to Public Telephone Facilities

Such widely varying understandings exist as to a matter now pending between this Company and certain of its public telephone agents that the following statement is made.

For some years this Company has had in effect a standard schedule of commissions paid to public telephone agents on the receipts from coin-box public stations. That schedule, which is a thoroughly liberal one, is as follows:

- 10% on the first \$15 a month
- 15% on the next \$15 a month
- 20% on amount in excess of \$30 a month.

An exception has heretofore been made, however, in the case of retail druggists acting as such agents, which we cannot justify. To them has been applied a different schedule of commissions, as follows:

- Nothing on the first \$4.50 a month
- 25% on the next \$10.50 a month
- 33 1/3% on amount in excess of \$15 a month.

The purpose of the Company to apply, properly and uniformly, its standard rates of commission to all public telephone agents has met with opposition on the part of certain druggists who value their service as agents at a figure in excess of the existing standard commission, plus their incoming telephone service, plus their profits from commercial sales to persons attracted to their stores by the presence of public telephone facilities.

Such coin-box telephones, as the Company is compelled by orders from these druggists to remove from their stores, it will replace at locations conveniently available to all classes of the public.

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